

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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No. 4

WORKING UNDER STRAIN

A test of many Christian qualities is our occasional necessity of working under strain. We ought to avoid that sort of trouble, but we cannot always plan aright and, in the changes of our life, the necessity of hurry sometimes must outrun the obligation of wise forethoughtful care. There is work that will not wait, which sometimes falls upon us like a sudden north wind's blowing. "The wisest plans of mice and men gang aft agley," and then we have to mend the situation as quickly as we can. We may not like it, but the alternative is a retreat. And the good Christian neither will retreat from what is evidently duty, nor frown, nor scold in going on.

A distinguishing mark of the experienced Christian is not courage only, but a cheerful courage. In his closet he may cry to God, "Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: for my soul trusteth in thee: Yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast"; but he does not go moping to his necessary tasks, however urgent and onerous they may be. For his soul lives in a larger world than that which the needs of the moment press upon him. There is peace within, peace of the walk with God, the ruler of all worlds, though the brain may be taxed and the hands driven by the immediate stress and strain. There may be need of haste: but the fear and flurry of the lonely, unrelated soul are absent. And these men and women of cheerful courage, in times of stress and strain are among God's best witnesses to the perplexed and troubled world. You may not, in these modern days, be called to martyrdom; but you may, in cheerful courage and true certitude in the hours of strain, bear your wit-

ness to your own generation.

Those who are working under strain, be it big or little, are much more numerous about us than we at times remember. There are strains of expectation, as well as loads of present care. How hard it is, how often crippling when we fail, to obey the word of Jesus, "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow: for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." And this applies to little anxieties, as well as great. There are thousands out of work among us, too many of them out of hope. How difficult, and how heroic, for them, is cheerful faith in God! It is said by the board of health of the town in which I write that one out of twenty among its inhabitants is due for an attack of hay fever before the month shall end. Our years on earth are limited. There are many forebodings. For instance, are there some among us who live under strain in fear of dying?

We cannot afford to have our handicaps of health or circumstances weighing as loads upon our minds as we go about the occupations of our life; and especially in our moments of unusual exertion. It is like hardening of the arteries; it checks the pace and lessens the efficiency of life. The remedy is faith in God and cheerful courage. These set us in a larger world than that of our immediate perplexities and strains. They put us in a personal relation to the governing forces and the governor of all.

Hardest, perhaps, of the strains under which we are sometimes forced to work is that of uncertainty. We could have settled minds and quite unfaltering wills, we think, if we could only know the facts. We do not dread the storm so much as the fog, which hides landmarks and blots

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out the stars. The saddest, hardest words, I often think, are "Oh, if I only knew!" The next step in an ordered way may be difficult, indeed, but we know where we must set our foot. But to go on with God, in blind uncertainty—that is a test of human qualities in which we often have to say to our own hearts, "For your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him." That is assurance and encouragement for those who seek in pressure and uncertainty, to walk with God. It wins us quietness of heart in the most difficult conditions and relieves the hardest strains.

To go forward, to mark time or to retreat—these are the choices open to our thought. Are we not sure of guidance, even though we have no map of the way? There are deliverances from uncertainty ahead of us, as well as deliverances from sorrow and from sin. May we not hear the voice of God to Moses, as spoken to God's church today: "Say unto the children of Israel, that they go forward!"

—By Isaac Ogden Rankin in
Boston Transcript.

AN INTENTION

Author Unknown

Each day I pray, God give me strength
anew

To do the task I do not wish to do.

To yield obedience, not asking why.

To love and own the truth and scorn the
lie.

To bear my burdens gaily, unafraid.

To lend a hand to those who ask my aid.

To measure what I am by what I give.

God give me strength that I may rightly
live.

NAKED IN THE JUNGLE

(Concluded)

Eventually they made their way to the trading post of John Fagot, an Englishman, located at the junction of the Waspooch and Wanks rivers. There they got a new outfit and set out again in their search for signs of oil, generally supposed to have its source in marine rock containing the fossils of long-extinct sea animals.

Traveling up the Wanks River in a new canoe, they eventually came out into open, rolling plains. Far in the distance were the cloudy outlines of mountains. A nearer approach disclosed a landslide which had exposed the rock formation underneath. They were on the Honduras side of the river, and there, in the branches of a great tree, they made a cache, carrying with them only what they needed for the journey to the inviting mountain.

A week later they returned. A glance at the tree, and they stood rooted to the spot. Their canoe and supplies had vanished. Search disclosed the canoe 300 yards downstream, a great hole in its bottom. Through the clear water they could see their supplies on the bottom of the river. For a moment they hoped to salvage cans of foodstuff and gunpowder, but they noticed that a deep gash had been cut into every can.

On a piece of cardboard cut from one of the boxes was lettered, in English, the rude sign:

THIS CLIMATE IS UNHEALTHY
FOR YOU—GET OUT.

The sinister message suggested the work of overzealous emissaries of a rival oil company.

It is useless, writes Mr. Moreno, to describe his indignation and horror. "In all primitive countries," he writes, "the destruction of a man's cache is the most despicable of all offenses, worse than murder. The unwritten law of the bush is that a man guilty of such a deed may be killed by the owner without warning."

With the utmost difficulty they made their way back to Fagot's trading post.

where they heard of a party of Americans exploring for oil. Mr. Moreno and Felipe set foot in the warm trail of their enemies, and never relaxed until they had found them, tented on the bank of the river. From a military base in the branches of a great guanacaste-tree, they made guerilla war on their rivals for nine days, cutting loose their canoes, firing shots through their tents, and destroying their supplies. Finally Felipe, without consulting his master, doctored their spring water with a bitter herb, which gave them all tummy aches. After that the rival party broke camp hurriedly, and left in the canoes they had been able to salvage.

The two parties met later on a ship returning to New York, and Moreno noticed that one of the men was wearing his pistol holster. Keeping his own counsel until he got to New York, he told the story of treachery to the president of his company. This was the sequel:

In high indignation the president called the chairman of the board of the rival company, who was a personal friend. We were invited to visit him. In his office were many curios brought back to him by the men in his expeditions. My chief handed him my report. He read:

"But this is impossible," he said. "The men we employ would not do such a thing."

"If you will take down from the cabinet behind you that pistol holster," I replied, "I think I can convince you."

For it was my holster.

"I think that holster was given to you by Mr. X.," I went on, as he took the holster down and fingered it. "But it is mine. Now look inside. In the inner fold you will find burnt into the leather my initials, G. A. M. They are irregular; they were burnt with a hot nail."

Both men bent over the holster. They found the initials, and the chairman of the board got very red in the face.

"If this is true, and I'm afraid it is," he said to my president, "we will withdraw entirely from Honduras and leave

the field to you. It is the best you can do."

A few months later they did withdraw, altho they had spent in preliminary work several hundreds of thousands of dollars. The territory was left clear to the company which I represented. The big city had recognized and respected the law of the jungle.

—From *Literary Digest*

SENTENCE SERMONS

By the REV. ROY L. SMITH
OF ALL THE—

—Mean sins of life none is meaner than ingratitude.

—Joys of life none is finer than the consciousness of good work well done.

—Vices we know none is worse than jealousy.

—Wounds from which we suffer none is so deep as one inflicted by a friend.

—Small sins the smallest is race prejudice.

—Happiness we know none is more satisfying than the success of our children.

—Prayers that fail none fail so completely as those that come from proud hearts.

GYPSY HEART

BY LEXIE DEAN ROBERTSON

I'd love to be a gypsy
With brown feet bare,
And dance like flame
Through night-black woods,
With starshine in my hair.

But a little house needs tending;
Fires must be kept,
White beds each morning
Must be made,
And porches newly swept.

And so I hush my wayward heart,
And cook and serve the meals,
But neighbors wonder
Why I wear
Gay slippers with red heels.

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

MRS. JOHN A. McCADDIN, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

A correspondent writing to the Exchange for the first time should always give as reference the name and address of her minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. S. T. Reves, Rupert, Ark., is troubled with rheumatism and would love to receive any kind of quilt scraps, bits of thread, embroidery work, or reading matter.

2. It would bring much cheer and help to me, as I am kept at home most of the time with my invalid husband, if someone would be kind enough to send me some quilt pieces, thread or bits of ribbon. I have a little boy 2 years old who would appreciate some little toy or a few cards. Mrs. Hettie Hall, Endicott, Va.

3. I am asking for quilt scraps and stamped pieces for my girls, ages 9, 13 and 21. Anything would be appreciated so much. Mrs. Albert Wann, Wills Point, Texas.

4. Mrs. Fannie Moorefield, Rt. 1, Box 196, Madison, N. C., writes that her husband is much worse and is unable to use his hands for anything. She would be glad of any kind of cheer.

5. I haven't heard from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends in a long time. I am 80 years old and live alone with my 53-year-old daughter. We would be so thankful for any kind of cheer as we get lonely in the mountains. We enjoy reading, making rugs and quilts, embroidering

and knitting. Mrs. S. M. Lively, Copeland, Ark.

6. Mrs. Mattie Adams, Patrick Springs, Va., wishes to receive quilt pieces and reading matter.

7. I live back in the mountains. Recently I got the little finger on my left hand cut off, and my husband has been unable to do any work since he was thrown from a mule. I have one little girl, 9 years old. I would enjoy anything in the way of reading, scraps, or toys. Mrs. Lillie Pack, Copeland, Ark.

8. Mrs. C. M. Kingsley, Clinton, Ark., wishes to be remembered through the coming winter with reading material for herself, husband and 15-year-old boy. embroidery and knitting thread, and quilt. Her daughter would appreciate bits of

9. I am a young married woman, and have appendicitis till I can't work at anything without making my side hurt. I live seven miles from the post office and thirty miles from a doctor. I would be so thankful if someone would send me quilt scraps, embroidery thread, bits of lace, or stockings for making rugs. Mrs. Chloe Gardner, Scotland, Ark.

10. We are very sorry to learn of the catastrophe that has befallen Mrs. Bertha Williams, Copeland, Ark. She is

a widow with five children, and has had a hard time supporting herself and family. Recently her home was struck by lightning, and everything was burned except the clothes they wore. She wishes to hear from her *Cheerful Letter* friends, and also requests quilt pieces, thread or anything useful.

* 11. Mrs. Ophelia Farless, Rt. 1, Tolar, Texas, has two girls, 4 and 7 years old, and two boys, 2 and 5 years old. She would like reading matter and patchwork. She says they have had no rain since the 2nd of May which means no crops this year, and it seems like the dead of winter there.

12. The drought here is terrible. Crops are almost dried up and I can't get a vegetable of any kind from my garden. I would love to have the Good Housekeeping magazine after someone is through reading it. Mrs. Joe Dodd, Rt. 1, Box 134, Amherst, Va.

13. Mrs. Cozie McCutcheon, Copeland, Ark., wants to thank all *Cheerful Letter* friends who have sent her cheer. Life in the country is very dull, and she would be so glad to receive quilt pieces, bits of thread, knitting and embroidery, also old silk hose or rayon underwear for making rugs. Pictures and drawing books for the boys, ages 5 and 8, would be appreciated.

14. I live in the mountains where I can't get out very much, and get very lonesome. I am 21 years old and have been in the hospital three times. I would love to get reading matter, quilt pieces or any kind of cheer. Miss Mamie Greer, R.F.D. 1, Box 50, Rugby, Va.

15. Mrs. Annie L. Thomas, P.O. Springwood, Va., would greatly appreciate books or magazines, especially the Needlecraft magazine for 1934 after it has been read. Her daughters enjoy needle work when they have anything to work with, and the magazine helps out so much.

16. My little boy is nearly two years old, and I would like something with which to amuse him, also reading, patchwork, bits of thread, crocheting, embroidery or puzzles. Mrs. N. C. Farmer, R.F.D. 1, Rugby, Va.

17. We live in the hills of Virginia, a long way from church or town. Will someone please remember me with reading matter? I enjoy Good Housekeeping, Ladies' Home Journal, also Zane Grey's book "Shepherd of Gaudloupe." Besides my little 4-year-old son, we are keeping a 6-year-old orphan girl who would appreciate anything to help her in her school-work. Mrs. Mattie M. Blevins, Rt. 1, Box 57, Rugby, Va.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. S. M. Lively from Newport to Copeland, Ark.

Mrs. Mattie Adams from Stelle to Patrick Springs, Va.

Mrs. Albert Wann from Foreston to Wills Point, Texas.

Mrs. Joe Dodd from Sandidges to Rt. 1, Box 134, Amherst, Va.

Mrs. Lydia J. Boyce from Martinsville to Fieldale, Va.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. W. O. Collins, Kerens, Texas.

THE END OF THE TRAIL

I must travel the miles, till the journey is done

Whatever the turn of the way,
I shall bring up at last at the set of the sun,

And shall rest at the close of the day.
Let me deal as I journey with foemen and friends

In a way that no man can assail
And find nothing but peace at the road-way's last bend

When I come to the end of the trail.
We are brothers who travel a great common road

And the journey is easy for none.
We must succor the weary, and lift on the load

Of the pilgrim whose courage is done.
Let me deal with them each on my way to the West

With a mercy that never shall fail
And lie down to my dreams with a conscience at rest

When I come to the end of the trail.

The Christian Herald.

GREAT THOUGHTS FROM THE RELIGIONS OF MANKIND

I. CONFUCIANISM

Confucius, the greatest religious teacher of China, was born in 551 B. C. From a boy he was thoughtful, studious and devout. His mother called him "The Little Hillock" because he had an unusual elevation on the top of his forehead, regarded by some today as being the bump of reverence. He was taught and accepted the religious beliefs and customs of his country. At the death of his mother, when he was twenty-three, he retired into solitude for three years and pondered over the great questions and problems of human life and human relationships.

Confucius thought of God as being above and beyond human comprehension and so the larger part of his teachings center in the ethical aspects of his religious faith. He said, "Just as I am forced to accept the phenomena of the Universe as facts, though I can give no explanation of their origin, so I am forced to accept the phenomena of mind as facts, though I can give no explanation of their origin."

The questions to which Confucius addressed himself were these,—“How shall I do my duty to my neighbor and how can I best discharge the duty of a virtuous citizen?”

Undoubtedly, the doctrine of the Golden Rule originated with Confucius. He said to a disciple, "My doctrine is easy to understand." He was asked, "Is there one word which may serve as a rule for all life?" His answer was, "Is not reciprocity such a word? What you do not like when done to yourself, do not do to others."

EXCERPTS FROM HIS WRITINGS

"Let every man govern himself according to the sacred maxims. His family according to the same. Let him render to the Emperor, who is the father of his people, such filial obedience as he demands of his own children and worship him with the same veneration as he does his own ancestors; for thus will domestic peace, social order and the safety of the

commonwealth be preserved."

"If in the morning I hear about the right way and in the evening I die, I can be happy. Coarse rice for food, water to drink, the bended arm for a pillow; happiness may be enjoyed even with these; but without virtue both riches and honor seem to me like the passing cloud."

"Grieve not that men know you not; grieve that you know not men."

"Worship as though the Deity were present."

"Formerly, in hearing men, I heard their words and gave them credit for their conduct; now I hear their words and observe their conduct. There may be fair words and an humble countenance when there is little real virtue. Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things."

"Learn the past and you will know the future. I daily examine myself in a threefold manner,—in my transactions with men, if I am upright; in my intercourse with friends, if I am faithful; and whether I illustrate the teachings of my Master in my conduct."

"A good man regards the root; he fixes the root and all else flows out of it. The root is filial piety; the fruit brotherly love." "At fifteen I longed for wisdom. At thirty my mind was fixed in the pursuit of it. At forty I saw clearly certain principles. At sixty everything I heard I easily understood. At seventy the desires of my heart no longer transgressed the law."

—Rev. Frederic W. Smith.

AUTUMN'S SONG

BY MARJORIE DILLON

Sing a song of autumn!

Nuts and golden grain;

Leaves a-falling in the woods

In a gentle rain.

Fruits all ripe and mellow.

Pumpkins on the vine;

Halloween is on the way—

Isn't autumn fine?

The difference between stumbling blocks and stepping stones is the way you use them.

BAKED BOOKS

We who are able to choose our reading matter from hundreds of books may think it curious that, several hundred years ago, in the cities of a small country named Chaldea, between the Euphrates and the Tigris Rivers, there should have been libraries of baked goods.

Today, Chaldea is a desert of sand inhabited by Arabs who live in reed-hut villages near the river banks, and by Bedouin tribes who, to graze their flocks, move from place to place seeking food. Several centuries ago, Chaldea was very prosperous, with large, well-built cities and industrious inhabitants.

The people were very proud of their beautiful palaces and temples; they dug canals to carry water into the desert, where they raised wonderful crops; and their flower gardens were noted throughout the world.

At length, there came a great change. The entire map of the country was changed, and vast sand storms buried cities and fields. Where the great temples and palaces had stood remained only sand dunes.

After several centuries, scientists, delving into the world's past history, began to excavate these great sand mounds to learn what was hidden in them. In 1842, the French consul, M. Botta, decided to excavate one of the mounds thoroughly, and, to his surprise, found an old palace in which were beautiful works of art, jewelry, implements of war, and household utensils.

Among these interesting relics were many brick tablets, at first indecipherable, as the wedge-shaped writing was nothing the scientists had ever seen before. After much study it was learned that these tablets were books of literature, songs, proverbs, and prayers, and scores of scientists began to study them in order to learn something about the ancient inhabitants of Chaldea. Some of the tablets were historical, and gave the world stories of ancient heroes and gods; others were business documents of various cities and towns; and still others

were personal letters or writings of members of royal families.

From a study of these great mounds it was also learned that the upper floors of all palaces were libraries and, judging from the manner in which these curious book tablets were arranged, efficient librarians must have been in charge of them. The tablets were ranged on shelves according to subjects, with the title on the top line. Not only were there single tablets, but many books were made up of sheets of baked clay, some very bulky books having as many as one hundred pages.

The manner in which these clay books were made was this: First, the writer rolled out a sheet of clay, three or four inches square. At the top he stamped his signature; next, with a sharp-pointed reed, he filled both sides of this clay tablet with curious wedge-shaped writing. When the tablet was thus completed, it was put into an oven and baked until the clay became very hard. By using successive tablets, the writer finished his manuscript and then made a cover or envelope of clay which enclosed the small tablets. The final step was to put tablets and covering into the oven and bake them again. The first reader of the finished record had first to crack the clay envelope, in order to remove the tablets. Having finished, this first reader then made another envelope of clay, in which he again baked the book to preserve it for the next reader.

The ancient Chaldeans made pictures in much the same way that they made manuscripts and books, but these were considerably larger, being from a foot to eighteen inches square. They were not pictures as we think of them today, but designs traced in soft clay and then baked.

—*The Christian Register.*

Pray that He may prosper ever
 Each endeavor
 When the aim is good and true;
 But that He may ever thwart thee,
 And convert thee,
 When thou evil wouldst pursue.

THE LAMB AND THE WOLF REVERSED

Natural history and fable are both turned topsyturvy in this tale.

Perhaps the word "wolf" is too genial for the ferocious beast referred to in *La Nature* (Paris)—a sort of savage wolf-hound called in Australia the "dingo."

It hunts in droves, causing ravages among the sheep. "I have seen," declares J. Delmont, as quoted in the periodical named, "one of the terrible dingoes imprisoned by a troop of sheep, the wolf a prisoner in the literal sense of the word—a captive, under restraint, humiliated, reduced to obedience. The sheep had caught the wolf."

All know that the plains of the Australian continent support innumerable droves of sheep, some reaching a hundred thousand head.

They are somewhat casually guarded by shepherds, who do not pay particular attention to a group of a thousand sheep more or less. To quote Mr. Delmont:

"It thus happens that a part of the flock will go off and get lost.

"A sheep in the lead gets into a defile and hundreds follow it.

"Sometimes these stragglers will get as far as a hilltop before the shepherd will notice the missing ones.

"The Australian wolf observed by Delmont was a captive of one of these strayed flocks of sheep. He was dragged along by the multitude of sheep—and not only was he so dragged, but he was under escort. Some rams surrounded him and held him under the closest observation.

"When he tried to sneak off when the rams had divided in order to browse, they quickly re-formed their circle.

"He was not helped at all by the fact that at a single bound he cleared a line of rams' backs when their heads were close to the ground, for other rams on guard were swift to overtake the fugitive, or, more accurately, to bar his way.

"If the wolf contrived to isolate some innocent lamb, the rams proceeded to butt the wily one.

"The wretched wolf, wolfhound, or hound-wolf, whichever it be, was so famished at last that it seemed a skeleton. Delmont saw it close at hand, its head lowered among its guards, getting humbly out of their way.

"In an effort to liberate the beast, Delmont shot his gun off into the air, when the dingo hurled itself frantically among the sheep, which fled in panic pell-mell, but they had recovered their self-control before their prisoner could get away entirely.

"The flock, including rams, amounted to perhaps a thousand. Pushed back inch by inch to the center of the flock, the wolf was again under guard.

"Forty-eight hours later the beast, a prisoner at the end of its capacity and strength, could barely move. Pitying its state, Delmont put an end to its life with a rifle shot.

"Put to flight by the discharge of the weapon, the rams soon returned. Silent and stupid, they surrounded the cadaver.

"The moving mass of sheep thronged in.

"The rams held fast.

"They remained for hours, faithful to their vigil, until an advanced hour of the night."

—*The Literary Digest.*

PRAYER

FLORENCE H. TOWNSEND

Dear Lord, make my soul like a mirroring glass

To reflect Thine image, nor let it pass.

I would that my heart might be lifted up
To receive Thy grace like a crystal cup.

I surrender my tongue to be trained to speak

The word that is gentle and pure and meek.

Inspire my hands to be quick in need,
And my feet to follow where Thou shalt lead.

And let me to others render these three:
Faith, understanding, and sympathy.

A nail driven too near a compass may make it a false guide; a secret sin will do the same for one's conscience.

OUR SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

It was on a glorious October day that we started out on our sentimental journey to visit the home of Louisa Alcott and her family in that most fascinating of old colonial towns, Concord, Mass. As we drove along the narrow twisting lanes, where in places the trees almost met over our heads, our eyes were dazzled with the riot of color which we saw all around us, flaming scarlet, deep crimson, russet browns, tawny orange, vivid yellow, with here and there a touch of green.

Our car drew up before the quiet brown house standing a little way back from the road in the midst of a green lawn and overshadowed by a large tree. At the back of the house was a slight incline and away to the left stood the curious old wooden structure which was used at one time by Bronson Alcott as a school of philosophy.

Three of our party were English born, and I think we all felt as though we were on a pilgrimage, so real and dear to us had become the characters with which we had been familiar since our childhood: Jo, Beth, Meg and Amy. As we went up the narrow flagged pathway leading to the doorway we were busy recalling well-known scenes, and when the door opened and we were hospitably received by a smiling white-haired lady we felt that we were on the threshold of something very precious, and to one member of the party at least, there was a vague apprehension lest some childish dreams might be shattered.

This apprehension was, however, quickly dispelled as we entered the tiny hall and saw how lovingly the atmosphere of those by-gone days had been preserved. The only tinge of commercialism was in the pile of books on the table in the main living room waiting to be sold, but when we dipped into them and saw the beautiful illustrations we were only too glad to find our old friends in such attractive new dresses.

What a thrill it was to see the very desk where Mr. Marsh used to sit and write those delightful letters, such an

inconvenient old desk that we thought with a sigh of relief of our own more modern commodious ones. As we looked at the wide old-fashioned fireplace we could almost see the merry group of chattering girls waiting on that cold Christmas Eve for Marmee, with quiet little Beth in the background listening to all the fun but too shy to often join in with it.

There were so many familiar objects to see! The plaster cast of Amy's foot, the pictures and sketches, the theatrical costumes, the sausage pillow in all its original hardness, and, perhaps dearest of all, the quaint little workbox with its plaid needlebook beloved of the gentle Beth. As we wandered through the rooms old half-forgotten incidents of our own childhood came back to us, incidents which were so closely interwoven with those of the "little women" that it was difficult to disentangle the dream pictures from the real ones.

We were fortunate in having the old house to ourselves, and the ladies in charge, glad perhaps to have such appreciative visitors, allowed us to linger as we would. The time slipped away all too quickly, for I think we all wanted to prolong those moments in which we had become children again. As we reluctantly bade good-by to the old house, a group of merry schoolgirls were coming up the path, and we felt glad when we heard their eager excited voices discussing the Marsh family to know that they too were making the same lifelong friends which Louisa Alcott, out of her own experiences, had given to the world so long ago.

—Clarence E. Flynn in
—*Christian Science Monitor*.

AUTUMN

BY EMILY DICKINSON

The morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.

The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned,
I'll put a trinket on.

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A DOUGH BABY IN THE COVERED WAGON

(True Story)

Once in the long-ago days when there were no railroads in all the great West, a covered wagon train stopped to camp for a day under the trees beside a stream of clear water. The mothers and children in the wagons had a beautiful time walking about on the green grass and resting from their daily bump, bumping over the hard trails. The oxen and the cattle, too, enjoyed their holiday, with plenty of time in which to graze and drink water and to rest from their labors.

One of the happy mothers that day was Mrs. Judson. She had a baby girl whose name was Annie. Mrs. Judson was a good cook. She made the best salt-rising bread that ever was made anywhere. She made her own yeast with salt and water and flour, and, when her dough was finally ready to bake, she used to knead it into one big hard loaf, and when it was light enough, she baked it in the Dutch oven. Now that Dutch oven was nothing but a big flat iron kettle, with iron legs and a cover that fitted tight. This cover had a rim around it. When the bread dough was in the kettle and the cover was on tight, the bread was baked by the heat of coals heaped under the kettle and in the top of the cover.

On this particular camping day, Mrs. Judson had baked her bread early, in one huge, delicious loaf. She laid it on a bit of old tablecloth out on the grass to cool, while she stayed inside and finished her wagon housework. Her baby Annie was having a delightful romp with the older children of the covered wagon.

Just as Mrs. Judson was ready to step out and enjoy the morning herself, she heard such shouts of laughter from the children that she stepped to the wagon door to see what was going on. She lifted both hands in dismay when she discovered what the children were laughing about. Her little Annie was standing on top of the precious loaf of bread that had been left on the grass to cool.

Of course the baby looked cunning, but think of the bread! And worse yet, when Mrs. Judson went down the steps to rescue the clean inside of the loaf, she found out that her baby and little Alta Bryant had been rolling the precious loaf on the grass and having a gay time. That was what had made the children laugh so loud. Mrs. Judson had to laugh herself, even though it was too bad to waste good bread crust.

Not long after that Mrs. Judson and two or three other mothers went for a stroll in the sunshine. By that time Mrs. Bryant had heard the bread story and she had laughed, too. Her little Alta was not much older than Annie, and those covered-wagon mothers were not scolders.

But after a little walk in the sunshine, Mrs. Bryant said that she must go back to her wagon and look after her own bread. She had left it in the bread pan to rise. She said that she believed that it ought to be light enough to put into her Dutch oven to bake. Besides, she had left her baby boy asleep in the wagon, and he might be awake.

Well, the child was awake and the bread dough was light. It was light, and warm, and spongy. But when Mrs. Bryant looked in her wagon, it was her turn to lift her hands in dismay. Indeed, she called to her neighbors and begged them to come.

Mrs. Bryant's baby boy, who was about one year and a half old, had turned into a regular dough baby. When the neighbors came running to see what was the matter, they found Mrs. Bryant in tears, although the tears were caused by laughter. As she explained it, she had laughed until she cried.

When her baby had awakened, he had crawled over to have a look at the dough. It was so soft and tempting that he had climbed into the pan. And there he was, covered with dough from the top of his fuzzy head to his toes. Indeed, the baby's feet and legs were out of sight. He was still having a delightful time paddling in the dough with hands that looked like

dough paws.

There wasn't any inside of Mrs. Bryant's bread to be saved, and how she ever got the dough off the outside of her boy is another story. But this much is certain—there was so much fun and laughter in that wagon train camp, that day, that perhaps the bread was not so sadly wasted, after all. And in dreary days that followed, as the wagons jolted slowly on and on over the plains toward distant Oregon, there was many a smile under the canvas roofs, in memory of that picnic day when little Annie and the dough baby made merry.

—*Frances Margaret Fox in
The Christian Register.*

JACK PUMPKIN, ANNOUNCING

DAISY D. STEPHENSON

Nobody saw me last summer at all,
For then I was only a tiny green ball;
I lay in the garden and soaked in the sun,
And now I'm all yellow and ready for fun.

So scoop me out neatly—I'll furnish you
pies;

Then carve me a nose and a mouth and
some eyes;

Then light me inside, and I'll look like a
fright!

I grew all the summer for Halloween
night.

TRAINING A JAPANESE GIRL

Every Japanese girl is so trained from infancy that by the time she is ten years old she is absolutely responsible and well able to meet the duties that may be hers. Compared to ours, Japanese homes are very simple, and yet the girls are taught many things that American girls do not think important enough to learn until they have homes of their own. When a Japanese girl is eight years of age, she is put in charge of one of the younger children and cares for it like a little mother. The baby is strapped on her back with a wide sash, and she gives it all the attention it needs. She even goes out to play with the baby on her back, caring for her charge all day long and bringing it home safely at night. There is never any fear

of children getting lost in Japan, for inside of the clothing of every child is sewed its name and address. A Japanese girl is given several dolls, and is taught to make their dresses for them as carefully as though they were her own children.

The Japanese girl takes every part of her training as a pleasant occupation. She starts her domestic training by helping to get breakfast, and to make the sweetmeats of which the Japanese children are so fond. One of her most important tasks is to learn to cook rice, for among the Japanese people there are a score of dishes in which rice is the principal ingredient, each being suited to some special festal occasion.

When a girl grows older and no longer plays with her dolls, she is further trained in the art and economy of dress-making for herself and for other members of the family. This training is very strict, and as the Japanese people cannot afford to buy a new dress when one becomes faded or slightly worn, the girl is taught the art of mixing dye, so that at slight expense she may refreshen her wardrobe. She is taught, also, to embroider beautifully. As she grows older, she is given the responsibility of marketing and managing the servants of the home, and learns, also, social responsibilities.

—*Christian Register.*

THE NAVAJO MOUNTED POLICE

The problem of policing Indian reservations always has been one of deep concern to the United States Bureau of Indian Affairs. Indian courts, presided over by Indian judges, have maintained order successfully on some of the reservations, but on others the work has been marred by corruption and incompetence. Recently the Tribal Council of the Navajos stepped forward with another plan for upholding law in the Southwest. It requested authority to form its own police corps. The Government granted the request, and the Navajo Mounted Police, with a force of thirty full-blood Indians, came into being.

Before the corps began patrolling the

boundaries of the Navajo Reservation, the men were put through a period of training. This was conducted at Fort Defiance, in Arizona, under Chief Special Officer Louis C. Mueller. According to *Indians at Work*, a publication issued from the Office of Indian Affairs, Mr. Mueller began his instruction by describing the various crimes most likely to occur in the Navajo country. Difficulties were experienced in trying to translate white conceptions of crime into the Navajo language: a misdemeanor, for instance, was explained as a "small crime," and a felony, as a "large crime."

The Navajo Mounted Police achieved some prominence soon after it had been organized by running to earth four men suspected of having been accomplices to the murder of Sam McCabe, a Navajo.

—Selected.

A DAY

BY EMILY DICKINSON

I'll tell you how the sun rose,—
A ribbon at a time,
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
"That must have been the sun."

But how he set, I know not.
There seemed a purple stile,
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while,

Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars,
And led the flock away.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

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To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

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